

THE  
LADIES'  
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

JUNE, 1828.

THE EPICUREAN.

OUR illustration for this month affords us an opportunity of again recurring to this popular work. In our last we gave the history of the Epicurean, and stated, that the fair priestess of Isis was ultimately the means of withdrawing him from the false philosophy of his sect, and impressing upon his mind the great truths of the Christian dispensation. While enjoying in the retirement of the desert, with the hermit Macrianus, the happiness which virtuous love, and pure religion, never fail to impart, an edict went forth, and the persecutions of the Christians commenced. Alciphron, alarmed for the safety of his betrothed bride and his friend, hastened to the city of Antinoë, and there witnessed the sufferings of the faithful ; with desperate speed he hastened towards the retreat of Macrianus, but, alas, the pagans had made him and Alethe captive. On passing them he sprung into their boat, but was thrust back into the water, and, in a state of stupefaction, was carried to the house of a young tribune, whom he had known at Athens. Touched with Alciphron's agony, he promised to convey him to the prison where his mistress lay immured.

"He then related to me, at my own request,—though every word was torture,—all the harrowing details of the proceeding before the tribunal. 'I have seen courage,' said he, 'in its noblest forms, in the field ; but the calm intrepidity with which that aged hermit endured torments—which it was hardly less torment to witness—surpassed all that I could have conceived of human fortitude !'

"My poor Alethe, too,—in describing to me her conduct, the

brave man wept like a child. Overwhelmed, he said, at first by her apprehensions for my safety, she had given way to a full burst of womanly weakness. But no sooner was she brought before the tribunal, and the declaration of her faith was demanded of her, than a spirit almost supernatural seemed to animate her whole form. 'She raised her eyes,' said he, 'calmly, but with fervour, to heaven, while a blush was the only sign of mortal feeling on her features;—and the clear, sweet, and untrembling voice, with which she pronounced her dooming words, "I am a Christian!" sent a thrill of admiration and pity throughout the multitude. Her youth, her loveliness, affected all hearts, and a cry of "Save the young maiden!" was heard in all directions.'

"The implacable Orcus, however, would not hear of mercy. Resenting, as it appeared, with all his deadliest rancour, not only her own escape from his toils, but the aid with which, so fatally to his views, she had assisted mine, he demanded loudly, and in the name of the insulted sanctuary of Isis, her instant death. It was but by the firm intervention of the governor, who shared the general sympathy in her fate, that the delay of another day was accorded, to give a chance to the young maiden of yet recalling her confession, and thus affording some pretext for saving her.

"Even in yielding reluctantly to this brief respite, the inhuman priest would accompany it with some mark of his vengeance. Whether for the pleasure (observed the tribune) of mingling mockery with his cruelty, or as a warning to her of the doom she must ultimately expect, he gave orders that there should be tied round her brow one of those chaplets of coral, with which it is the custom of young Christian maidens to array themselves on the day of their martyrdom;—'and, thus fearfully adorned,' said he, 'she was led away, amid the gaze of the pitying multitude, to prison.'

"With these details the short interval till night-fall,—every minute of which seemed an age,—was occupied. As soon as it grew dark, I was placed upon a litter,—my wound, though not dangerous, requiring such a conveyance,—and conducted, under the guidance of my friend, to the prison. Through his interest with the guard, we were without difficulty admitted, and I was borne into the chamber where the maiden lay immured. Even the veteran guardian of the place seemed touched with compassion for his prisoner, and supposing her to be asleep, had the litter placed gently near her.

"She was half reclining, with her face hid in her hands, upon a couch,—at the foot of which stood an idol, over whose hideous features a lamp of naphtha, hanging from the ceiling, shed a wild and ghastly glare. On a table before the image stood a censer, with a small vessel of incense beside it,—one grain of which, thrown voluntarily into the flame, would, even now, save that precious life. So strange, so fearful was the whole scene, that I almost doubted its reality. Alethe! my own, happy Alethe! *can* it, I thought, be thou that I look upon?

"She now, slowly and with difficulty, raised her head from the couch; on observing which, the kind tribune withdrew, and we were left alone. There was a paleness, as of death, over her features; and those eyes, which when last I saw them, were but too bright, too happy for this world, looked dim and sunken. In raising herself up, she put her hand, as if from pain, to her forehead, whose marble-hue but appeared more death-like from those red bands that lay so awfully across it.

"After wandering vaguely for a minute, her eyes rested upon me,—and, with a shriek, half terror, half joy, she sprung from the couch, and sunk upon her knees by my side. She had believed me dead; and, even now, scarcely trusted her senses. 'My husband! my love!' she exclaimed; 'oh, if thou comest to call me from this world, behold I am ready!' In saying thus, she pointed wildly to that ominous wreath, and then dropped her head down upon my knee, as if an arrow had pierced it.

"*'Alethe!'*—I cried, terrified to the very soul by that mysterious pang,—and the sound of my voice seemed to reanimate her;—she looked up, with a faint smile, in my face. Her thoughts, which had evidently been wandering, became collected; and in her joy at my safety, her sorrow at my suffering, she forgot wholly the fate that impended over herself. Love, innocent love, alone occupied all her thoughts; and the tenderness with which she spoke,—oh, at any other moment, how I would have listened, have lingered upon, have blessed every word!

"But the time flew fast—the dreadful morrow was approaching. Already I saw her writhing in the hands of the torturer,—the flames, the racks, the wheels were before my eyes! Half frantic with the fear that her resolution was fixed, I flung myself from the litter, in an agony of weeping, and supplicated her, by the love she bore me, by the happiness that awaited us, by her own merciful God, who was too good to require such a sacrifice,—by



all that the most passionate anxiety could dictate, I implored that she would avert from us the doom that was coming, and—but for once—comply with the vain ceremony demanded of her.

“Shrinking from me, as I spoke,—but with a look more of sorrow than reproach,—‘What, thou, too!’ she said mournfully,—‘thou, into whose spirit I had fondly hoped the same heavenly truth had descended as into my own! Oh, be not thou leagued with those who would tempt me to “make shipwreck of my faith!” Thou, who couldst alone bind me to life, use not thy power; but let me die, as He I serve hath commanded,—die for the Truth. Remember the holy lessons we heard on those nights, those happy nights, when both the present and future smiled upon us,—when even the gift of eternal life came more welcome to my soul, from the blessed conviction that thou wert to be a sharer in it;—shall I forfeit now that divine privilege? shall I deny the true God, whom we then learned to love?

“‘No, my own betrthed,’ she continued,—pointing to the two rings on her finger,—‘behold these pledges,—they are both sacred. I should have been as true to thee as I am now to heaven,—nor in that life to which I am hastening shall our love be forgotten. Should the baptism of fire, through which I shall pass to-morrow, make me worthy to be heard before the throne of grace, I will intercede for thy soul—I will pray that it may yet share with mine that “inheritance, immortal and undefiled,” which mercy offers, and that thou,—my dear mother,—and I—’

“She here dropped her voice; the momentary animation, with which devotion and affection had inspired her, vanished;—and a darkness overspread all her features, a livid darkness,—like the coming of death—that made me shudder through every limb. Seizing my hand convulsively, and looking at me with a fearful eagerness, as if anxious to hear some consoling assurance from my own lips,—‘Believe me,’ she continued, ‘not all the torments they are preparing for me,—not even this deep, burning pain in my brow, which they will hardly equal,—could be half so dreadful to me, as the thought that I leave thee—’

“Here, her voice again failed; *her head sunk upon my arm, and—merciful God, let me forget what I then felt,—I saw that she was dying!* Whether I uttered any cry, I know not;—but the tribune came rushing into the chamber, and, looking on the maiden, said, with a face full of horror, ‘It is but too true!’

“He then told me in a low voice, what he had just learned



from the guardian of the prison, that the band round the young Christian's brow was—oh horrible cruelty!—a compound of the most deadly poison,—the hellish invention of Orcus, to satiate his vengeance, and make the fate of his poor victim secure. My first movement was to untie that fatal wreath,—but it would not come away—it would not come away!

“Roused by the pain, she again looked in my face; but, unable to speak, took hastily from her bosom the small silver cross which she had brought with her from my cave. Having prest it to her own lips, she held it anxiously to mine, and seeing me kiss the holy symbol with fervour, looked happy, and smiled. The agony of death seemed to have passed away;—there came suddenly over her features a heavenly light, some share of which I felt descending into my own soul, and, in a few minutes more, she expired in my arms.”

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#### CATHERINE HERMAN.

DURING the siege of Ostend, which lasted three years, three months, and three days, the Spaniards took a great number of Dutch sailors, and some pilots of consideration, whom they destined to the galleys, in consequence of the bad treatment which some of their nation had before experienced from the Dutch.

Catherine Herman, a Dutch woman of great virtue and courage, wife of one of the pilots who had been taken prisoner, having resolved to deliver her husband from this captivity, cut off her hair, dressed herself in men's clothes, and repaired to the camp before Ostend. On her arrival, she was arrested, and carried before the provost of the army, who caused chains to be put on her feet and hands; and ordered her to be treated with great severity.

While she was agitated between hope and fear, she saw a Jesuit enter, who came according to custom, to visit the prisoners; and having confessed to him, she entrusted him with her secret. Through him she obtained leave to see her husband: at the sight of him she fainted; but having recovered, she could no longer conceal her design; she declared that she was resolved to accompany him wherever he might be sent; and Count Bucquoi, hearing her determination, was so sensibly affected by the love and generosity of this Dutch woman, that he not only bestowed on her the highest praise, but immediately set her and her husband at liberty.

## PRIZE ESSAY.

"VIEW OF THE HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY; MORAL, POLITICAL, AND CIVIL  
STATE OF ANCIENT AND MODERN AFRICA."

(Continued from page 264.)

## WESTERN AFRICA.

## SENEGAMBIA AND GUINEA.

THE country which we are now to describe affords a remarkable example, both of the beneficence of nature, and of the perversity of the human mind. Those countries, in which tyranny and ignorance have not had the power to destroy the inexhaustible fecundity of the soil, have, down to the present times, been the theatre of eternal robbery, and one vast market of human blood. Extending from the Senegal, along the coast, down to the sixteenth degree of south latitude, they are known under the general term of Senegambia and Guinea; the latter divided into Upper and Lower.

The sea coasts of this country experience the most intense heat that is known in any part of the globe. The cause of this is to be found in the east winds which prevail on these coasts, after having swept over the burning surface of Africa in all its breadth. At Goree, in the years 1787 and 1788, in November and in May, the thermometer stood at 68 and 88½; during the night it did not fall below 60. From May till November it did not fall below 77, nor rise above 99½. Thus there are just two seasons; the one may be considered a moderate summer, the other as a continuation of burning dog-days.

But, during the whole year, the sun at mid-day is insupportable. At Senegal it is most intense, amounting to 113 and sometimes to 131. The barometer almost always rises in those circumstances under which it falls in England; that is, at the commencement of a storm. The north and north-west winds blow almost without interruption. The east, or trade winds, are only felt within ninety or one hundred and twenty miles of the coast. The south wind is very rare. During the great heats a dead calm prevails for about thirty days, which is enervating to the most robust constitutions. From the beginning of June till the beginning of October, sixteen or eighteen heavy rains fall,

amounting to fifty or sixty inches of water. A single one sometimes gives as much as six or seven inches. During the rest of the year there are heavy dews.

Between Cape Verga and Cape Palmas, the hurricanes called tornados, from a Portuguese term for whirlwinds, are very frequent in summer and autumn; their approach is announced by a small cloud, apparently five or six feet broad, remaining immovably in one spot. This soon extends, and covers a great part of the horizon. An impetuous whirling wind now breaks forth, which lasts only about a quarter of an hour; but, in that short space, enormous trees are torn up by the roots, cottages are thrown down, entire villages destroyed, and vessels driven from their anchors and wrecked.

The rivers of this country are very numerous. The Senegal, long confounded with the Niger, rises in the country of the Fouta-Jallon, near Timbo, about 10 north latitude, and has a course first to the north-east, then to the north-west, then west, more than 800 miles in all, before it reaches the ocean. Among the falls of this river, that of Feloo rock merits most particular attention. For seven months in the year the rock stops the course of the water, but during the other five they rise high enough to flow over the top of the rock. At the mouth of the Senegal there is a bar which prevents the entrance of all vessels that draw more than ten feet of water; though immediately within the bar the river is thirty feet deep. Similar shiftings take place over the coast in general.

The town of Senegal is situated on an island about eight miles from the mouth of the river, and is about one mile and a half long, and two-thirds of a mile broad. It is one of the finest towns in this part of Africa; but, as the streets are not paved, the sand is sometimes unpleasant to the feet, the island being nothing but a sand-bank, which is completely surrounded by the river, affording amusement to those that are fond of aquatic and shooting excursions; and there are many good horses, and a fine piece of ground to the north point, where the inhabitants usually ride in the evening. There is a good billiard-table; and when the English had possession of Senegal, there was no want of society. The houses are well built of stone, very commodious, and comfortable; the streets are broad, cleanly, and well arranged, and the inhabitants are daily refreshed with land and sea breezes.



A considerable trade is carried on here in gum, which is collected in the forests from the acacia-tree, and is conveyed on camels, by the Moors, to the marts, (called Escales,) which are situated on the banks of the river, some distance up the country. The banks of the Senegal become highly picturesque when we ascend 140 miles from the sea. Lined with hills and mountains, where tall trees, mixed with handsome shrubs, form verdant arches and amphitheatres, this river would furnish one of the most interesting voyages in the world, were not its charms so essentially impaired by the unwholesomeness of the air, the hideous aspect of the crocodiles, and the bellowing of the hippopotamus. The merchants even avoid it, and prefer going by land. While the Senegal is only navigable in rainy seasons, the Gambia cannot be navigated except in the dry season. Forty-gun frigates can go up thirty-seven miles, and large merchant vessels 180. The rains give it an enormous increase of depth, but at the same time such inordinate rapidity, that no vessels can stem the current. This river, though extremely deep and wide, has only a course of 610 miles.

It has been long supposed that there is a communication between the Gambia and Senegal, in the upper part of the country. A communication really exists, but cannot be useful to commerce, since no vessel can navigate the water that runs from one river to another. It would be a very expensive work to construct a canal, forming a constant communication between the two rivers, by means of this lake; which would, however, furnish water requisite for the purpose.

The natives, on the banks of these rivers, have little trouble in tilling or cultivating the ground. By digging a few holes, and strewing some grains of millet or corn, and covering it over, they are sure to have a good crop in due season. Blessed with a climate suited to their own constitutions, and abundantly provided for by nature, both by land and by sea, they are happy in their present ignorant state; and, the slave trade once entirely abolished, they would no doubt be a happy and flourishing people.

One hundred and twenty miles south of Senegal, close under Cape Verd, is the small island of Goree, which is a low narrow piece of land, about a mile in circumference; but although small, it is a desirable settlement in many points of view, particularly as it is the most healthy situation in this part of Africa. The fort is built on a steep hill, at the foot of which is the town, where

there are several well built houses. Proceeding in a south easterly direction, 100 miles from Goree, the next place of importance is the settlement of St. Mary, on the river Gambia; but the situation is low and unhealthy. It was from Pissania, in this river, the unfortunate Park set out on his first mission to the interior of Africa. Concerning this part of the continent, Park observes, that it presents, in every direction, a wide expanse of level country, where the absence of picturesque beauty is compensated by the fertility of the soil. Besides rice, millet, maize, and vegetables for the table, the natives cultivate indigo and cotton. Their domestic animals are nearly the same as those in Europe. The most common wild animals are the elephant, panther, hyena, and jackal; and the shrill bark of the jackal, and deep growl of the hyena, mingling with the incessant croaking of frogs, and the tremendous peals of midnight thunder, form in this country no pleasant contrast.

No part of the world produces more numerous flocks of elephants, monkeys, and antelopes, deer, rats, and squirrels. In every part of Africa the elephant lives in a state of nature; he is no where tamed.

The ancients justly observed, that the African elephant is smaller and less courageous than the Asiatic; but his organs of defence are much larger, the substance of his tusks is harder, and less apt to become yellow, and furnishes almost all the ivory of commerce. The method of catching them, employed by the chiefs, is to assemble the young men and take them out into the woods; at the season when the grass is dry, they set fire to the grass all round the elephants, who, finding themselves unable to escape from the flames, perish in the conflagration, sometimes to the number of twenty or thirty, by which means the negroes procure a large quantity of ivory.

The fertile plains watered by the Senegal and the Gambia are occupied by a multitude of small kingdoms, some consisting of the indigenous negroes, and others which have been seized by the Moors. Various European powers have perceived the advantage which this country offers for colonial establishments. The French at one time had the largest and most numerous, as Fort St. Louis, and Pador, on the Senegal; the Forts of St. Joseph and St. Pierre, in the interior of the kingdom of Galam; the island of Goree, called by the natives Barsaghish, near Cape Verd; Albreda and Joal, on the river Gambia; Bintam, on the Cerebes river, and

the island of Bissaos. All these settlements are now abandoned, and the island of St. Louis is merely a factory under military government; the returns of which, in 1801, gave a population of 10,000 inhabitants, consisting in a great measure of slaves.

The mutual boundaries of Senegambia and Guinea are left to the caprice of geographers. In the interior of this doubtful space, on the upper of the Rio Grande, live the nations of the Soosoos, erroneously called the Foulahs of Guinea. They have nothing in common with the Foulahs of the Senegal, though Golberry says otherwise. This is shown by the whole dissimilarity of their language.

Timbo is situated at the foot of a high mountain. It contains about 9000 persons, a spacious mosque, and three forts, in one of which is the palace of Almamy, consisting of five large huts, regularly built. The fortifications are of earth, and falling in ruins; in several places they have loop-holes.

Timbo must be a very ancient city; all the neighbouring country bears the same name. Hence spring the present masters of Fouta-Jallon, for the provinces comprised under that name have been conquered, and were not originally subject to them. Timbo is the residence of the king and the army. It is said that so many as a thousand horses are to be seen there. The inhabitants are rich. All the women have silver bracelets, and large gold ear-rings, and wear clothes of blue Guinea stuff, which is a sign of great luxury amongst these Africans. Timbo is a military post, and consequently has not much trade. Arms and contributions have enriched it; it enjoys, moreover, the privilege of exclusive traffic with Kissin-Kissin, and Bengala, while Labbé,\* the great city of the empire, trades with Kakandé and Dianfou.†

The women of Timbo, like those of all the cities, are very impudent; they incessantly importune strangers with their requests, or torment them by their jeers.

The natives of this district have iron mines, worked by women, also some manufactures in silver, copper, and wood; it is said that these people can bring into the field 16,000 cavalry or upwards.

They are Mahometans, but surrounded by twenty-four pagan nations or tribes, on whom they are always ready to make war, in order to procure slaves. The houses are in general well built;

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\* There is a market in this city. † Other factories on the Rio Nunez.



and set at a little distance from each other, for the purpose of guarding against accident by fire. There are several mosques, and some schools in which the young people are instructed in the Mahometan religion.

Riding, and exercising with fire arms, are their diversions, but dancing is their favourite passion; every thing is neglected for this amusement. No sooner does the griot sound his drum, than every one is animated, and tries to follow the movements of the instrument by a thousand contortions made in cadence. The dancers keep time by clapping their hands. The spectators, to encourage them, throw their garments at their feet, as the most signal token of admiration. Lasciviousness presides over their sports. The ball commences with the night; the moon furnishes light, and day-break puts an end to it, and invites the musicians and dancers to repose. Can we give the name of marriage to a union that is almost fortuitous, where a man forsakes one day a wife whom he has taken on the preceding? Modesty is not a conspicuous virtue among the women of this country; all their actions announce that they have not the slightest sense of it; they even bathe in public without any covering; while the men perform their ablutions in private.

The education of the children cannot fail to be extremely vicious, when they have such baneful examples always before them. There is more decency, however, among the boys than the girls; a difference which proceeds from a very natural cause; the former are under the superintendence of their fathers, or shut up in schools of the Marabouts, while the others are abandoned to the care of their mothers, by whose principles and conduct they are consequently influenced.

In the kingdom of Cayor, as well as in almost the whole of Nigritia, uncles show the same affections for their nephews as for their own children; it is even known, that in some monarchies the crown is conferred on them to the prejudice of the latter.

Though the negroes endure without complaint the privations and other hardships attached to human life, they manifest extreme sensibility, but perhaps it may not be real, for the loss of their parents. For whole days they utter lamentable groans, and to have merely known a person, imposes the obligation of weeping and sobbing at his death.

Besides these tokens of grief evinced by the negroes of Cayor,

when they lose those whom they have loved, they endeavour to preserve their bodies from the wild beasts, by which they might be carried away. Every grave is covered with thorny shrubs, which, in time, form impenetrable bushes. The verdant tufts are durable monuments of the pious motive which has scattered them over plains parched by the heat of the sun, and they are beneficial to the country; for under their shade spring up the seeds of trees, which may, perhaps, in time produce a forest.

The Jalloffs are extremely kind to their slaves; they take as much care of their children as they do of their own; they rarely strike them, and never impose upon them tasks that are beyond their strength.

The slaves of Damel, proud of the favour of their king, would often presume upon it, to commit odious outrages upon the other negroes, were they not obliged to place fetters over their beds to remind them that their chains will be rivetted on anew, if they are guilty of any act of tyranny towards free men.

(To be continued.)

#### AN AUSTRIAN LADY.

IF the present peace continues, all the different States of Europe will soon form but one grand united republic of intellect and fashion. I paid a visit to a lady of Vienna. The conversation between her, a German, and me, an Englishman, was carried on in French. She led me into her daughter's bedroom—for the custom of receiving visitors in bedrooms exists here as in most continental countries. On one table in Luise's room, I saw a prayer-book in German lying beside another in French; on a second table were the Italian works of Metastasio placed beside a French novel: on her toilet were a number of French perfumes: on a pedestal stood a small bust of the Archduke Charles; and against the wall hung an English engraving of the battle of Waterloo. Seating herself at her piano, she sang French and Italian songs; a German romance about the English Rosamund Clifford, and a German translation of "Rule Britannia;" then followed Byron's "Maid of Athens" translated into French, and one of Moore's "Irish Melodies" in English; she had a brother who had been named after an English friend, and, on taking leave, she shook hands with me with English frankness.—*Transchenane Memoirs.*

## PREJUDICE AND PRINCIPLE:

## A Tale.

(Concluded from page 257.)

This—this is bliss! compar'd to all  
 The bitter griefs that now must fall,  
 When rest, affection oft will sigh,  
 In that dark hour I *was not nigh!*  
 I did not in my arms enclose,  
 And tull the spirit to repose;  
 When parting life stood wing'd to fly,  
 I did not watch that closing eye;  
 To mark his feeble gaze, and see  
 Its fading lustre fix'd on me;  
 With pious hand to close the lid,  
 And bid death's ghastly glance be hid!

*Agnes Strickland's Worcester Field.*

FANNY had been for some time engaged to Johnstone, with the entire approbation of his friends; and Henry was daily improving in moral worth, though he laughed at the congratulations of Stanhope on that head, continuing to call himself a sad wicked dog. Yet he was not himself insensible to the visible alteration in his character. By degrees his affected dandyism wore off, and his other foibles yielded to the innocent raillery of the sprightly Fanny, who never failed to place his imitations of the follies and extravagance of the great in the most ludicrous point of view; till he was so heartily ashamed of his former affectation, that he faithfully promised to give up all his idle pursuits, and strive, by a diligent application to business, to merit the esteem of the woman he tenderly loved.

One person alone contemplated Stanhope's promised union with Miss Irvin with regret. This was George Jervis, who had long and fondly loved her. Brought up in the same house with Anne, he had daily witnessed the excellence of her temper and disposition, and had watched, with unspeakable delight, the amiable sweet-tempered child, expand into the benevolent and accomplished woman. Though he had always allowed himself to be unworthy of her, he felt her society necessary to his happiness; and had suffered himself to indulge a hope, which time strengthened into a conviction, that he was not wholly indifferent to her.



Educated in the bitter school of adversity, in the constant practice of the most rigid self-denial, George had, in a manner, inured himself to disappointment. Yet the certainty of Stanhope's engagements with Miss Irvin fell upon his heart like a blight, that palsied for awhile every exertion of mental fortitude, and rendered him, in spite of his boasted stoicism, restless and unhappy. He had just buried his unfortunate father, and as his release from mortal suffering was a thing to be desired, Mr. Irvin (who never suspected the cause of his curate's dejection) was surprised to find him indulging in grief, which seemed inconsistent with the usual patient forbearance of his character.

Francis had formed a most sincere friendship for Jervis, since he had ceased to fear him as a rival, and was anxious to discover the cause of his melancholy. He thought his dejection might arise from pecuniary difficulties; in which case he had it amply in his power to befriend him. But, in all their private walks, the curate maintained a provoking reserve in his manner and conversation, which hindered Francis from making the least allusion to the subject.

One morning they happened to be alone together in Mr. Irvin's study, Francis engaged with a favourite author, and George pacing the room with slow steps and a sorrowful and dejected mien; he seemed perfectly unconscious of Stanhope's presence; but often folded his hands across his breast, and sighed deeply.

"Forgive me, dear Jervis," said Francis, closing the book, and advancing towards him, "you are unhappy. Allow a friend, who sincerely esteems you, to share in your grief."

George started into recollection. He was excessively agitated as he returned the pressure of Stanhope's hand. But he was a man who could bear no envy or malice in his heart, and could even admire worth in his more fortunate rival.

"My sorrow, Stanhope, you cannot share; I must not even reveal to you the cause of my uneasiness. Time, which conquers all things, will soften my regret, and restore my usual peace of mind."

"Perhaps I possess greater capabilities of serving you than you imagine," said Francis, still fancying his distress was occasioned by pecuniary difficulties, and the thousand nameless mortifications that generally attend a very limited income, which must have been considerably encroached upon by the long illness and funeral expenses of his father.

Jervis shook his head. "I will be candid, Francis, and trust to your generosity to forgive the temerity of the disclosure I am about to make. I love Anne Irvin"—Francis started, and the colour mounted to his face in a burning and painful glow, as Jervis continued—"For years have loved her. The affections of boyhood, the gay dreams of youth, and the hopes of manhood, centred in her. Those dreams are over; those hopes perished; I must scarcely whisper to myself her name. It was presumption in me to raise my eyes to her. I felt it; yet persisted in my folly. I had been educated on the bounty of her father. I had seen my brother terminate a career of crime upon the scaffold, and riches make to themselves wings and pass away from my devoted family; yet I had the vanity to think myself a fit mate for her."

"Far more deserving of her esteem, dear George, than the more fortunate Francis Stanhope. But was Miss Irvin ever made acquainted with your attachment?"

"She has not the least idea of my partiality, and never will know it now from me. She esteems me as a friend; and such a disclosure would deprive me, perhaps, of that consolation. The worst struggle is already over; religion and duty will lend their aid in assisting me to subdue this unfortunate passion. I trust you know my principles too well, dear Francis, to fear me as a rival. After what has passed this morning, I can no longer approach Miss Irvin with that friendly confidence which has so long subsisted between us, and which was so congenial to my feelings; and to be near her, and speak like a stranger, is a pitch of fortitude beyond my philosophy. I am offered a curacy in a distant parish, and shall take the earliest opportunity to leave B——."

"George, you are not in earnest! We cannot, will not consent to part with you. Here your talents are justly appreciated, and you are esteemed and loved as you deserve."

"My determination is fixed. I impose on myself this voluntary banishment; at least till after your marriage. In the meantime, dear Francis, may you enjoy with Anne that happiness I was unworthy to possess." He shook Francis hastily by the hand, and, snatching up his hat from the table, abruptly quitted the room, leaving his friend surprised and grieved at the disclosure he had made.

At the very moment when Francis appeared to have reached

the summit of his hopes, he was destined to experience a severe and bitter reverse of fortune. A poor family in the neighbourhood were attacked with typhus fever, of the most malignant nature; and Francis, unconscious of the danger he exposed himself to, continued daily to visit the cottage, and supply them with money and necessaries.

One evening, after his return from the cottage, he was attacked with shivering fits, acute pains in the back and head, and, before morning, presented the most alarming symptoms of this direful disease.

Mr. Stanhope, whose earthly affections were concentrated in his son, attended him with the most unremitting tenderness and assiduity. No remonstrances of his physician could induce the half-distracted parent to leave the apartment, or suffer strangers to supply his place by the sick-bed of his son.

Raving in delirium, alive only to suffering, and unconscious of all that was passing around him, Francis knew not that the being who leant so fondly over his feverish couch, whose hand supported his burning temples, who administered his medicines, and yielded to all his wayward caprices, was his beloved father. Had he been conscious of the nature of his illness, how had he started from that supporting breast into which he was gradually infusing the malignant poison of infection.

Long ere reason returned, that parent had bowed before the breath of contagion; that soothing voice was hushed for ever; that hand cold in the dust. With deep and heartfelt grief Mr. Irvin followed his old and valued friend to the grave; while in addition to this painful office remained the heavy task of disclosing his death to his son, when returning health had fortified his mind sufficiently to bear the shock. In the meantime the strictest secrecy on the subject was adopted, to save him from the knowledge of this dreadful event, as he still remained in a fluctuating state between life and death.

Happily, unconscious of the calamity which had befallen him, on the morning of his father's funeral Francis was more rational than he had been for many days; and the noise occasioned by the undertakers, in removing the coffin from the next chamber, irritated his weak nerves to a state of feverish impatience; and, turning to Johnstone and Ishmael, who were constantly in attendance near him, he said, "Go, my dear Henry, and order those servants not to make such a noise in my father's apartment;



they distract my head." Johnstone, who had humanely sacrificed his own safety to conduce to the comforts of his friend, tried to soothe him, by telling him the noise would soon be over; that it was occasioned by his father's valet making the necessary preparations for Mr. Stanhope's journey to town. "My father's journey to town!" repeated Francis, starting up in the bed.—"Can my father have the heart to leave me, so ill as I am, without even bidding me farewell? Henry, this is not like *his* usual kindness!"

"You wrong him, dear Francis! indeed you do. He has never, till this morning, quitted your bedside, even to take necessary exercise and repose. The most urgent business forces him to leave you for a few weeks, and to subdue his paternal feelings for the general welfare of his family. He staid till the physician had pronounced you out of danger."

"Out of danger, Henry! How can you consider me out of danger? In all probability he will never again behold his son."

Johnstone hastily rose, and retreated to the window; for this last observation drew tears from the eyes of the kind-hearted young man. Ishmael perceived his emotion, and instantly supplied his place by the patient's bed-side, fearful lest his suspicions should be awakened by Henry's abrupt removal.

It was a heavy foggy day, in the latter end of November, and the hearse, which contained the body of Mr. Stanhope, was slowly moving down the street, followed by a long train of mourning coaches. "Poor Francis!" sighed Henry, "this sad sight would break thy heart." He turned from the cheerless spectacle to the bed of his friend. His agitation was unnoticed by Francis, whose mind was again wandering in the burning vortex of delirium.

Slow and surely he recovered from his severe illness, and during the tedious hours of convalescence, whilst confined to the easy-chair in his own apartment, he had leisure to reflect on his past life and future prospects. He most earnestly wished to enter into holy orders, should he ever finally recover; justly considering the life that had been so unexpectedly preserved could not be better bestowed than in the service of his Creator. He intimated this wish to Mr. Irvin, and it met with his decided approbation. The dreary interval from sickness to returning health, was greatly cheered by the constant correspondence between him

and Anne, whose letters were a balm and consolation to his heart, and never failed to cheer his drooping spirits.

His father's silence at first grieved and astonished him, and was at length succeeded by fears for his personal safety. He communicated his apprehensions, one morning, to Mr. Irvin, who had called, as usual, to chat an hour with the invalid, and asked him if he was acquainted with the nature of his father's business in town, or knew where a letter would reach him, as he was not a little surprised at his silence. The hour of concealment was over. In the kindest and most considerate manner the good vicar revealed the fatal truth; and scarcely had he pronounced the distressing intelligence, before he saw the young man sink at his feet, as if struck down by the bolt of heaven, too soon roused to a state of acute mental suffering. He bitterly accused himself for blaming the seeming neglect of a parent who had sacrificed his life for him.

"Oh that he had died in these arms!—that I had relieved this bursting heart above his bier, and followed him to the grave. My father! my dear, lost, lamented father! Why was life restored to me on terms like these!" Mr. Irvin permitted the first gush of sorrow to flow free and unrestrained; but when he saw Francis sinking back into the same hopeless state of despondency which he had with such difficulty roused him from, he exhausted every argument to induce him to combat with unavailing grief, and to bow with faith and resignation to the will of Heaven. Finding him obstinate in sorrow, and deaf to his remonstrances, he brought a more successful pleader in the person of his amiable daughter, whose tender sympathy and persuasive eloquence had the desired effect, and reconciled him to existence.

In less than a month he was able, supported by Anne and Jervis, to visit the grave of his father. Here his full heart was relieved, the tears of nature were shed, and he rose from the fresh sod with a mind softened and resigned to the inscrutable decrees of Providence. Though an old, it is a true saying, that "Sorrow never comes singly." Young Stanhope had a severe trial still to undergo. Most of the large property he inherited from his father was vested in the bank of a maternal uncle, whom Mr. Stanhope had always considered a very responsible man. The sudden and unexpected failure of this gen-

tleman involved his nephew in his ruin. "Thy will be done, O Lord!" exclaimed Francis, calmly folding the letter which conveyed this stunning intelligence. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

Trifles often vex and harass the mind; but it is under the pressure of great calamities that the soul exerts her powers, and, as if triumphing in the consciousness of that immortality which no worldly misfortunes can deprive her of, rises superior to distress.

He now felt the consolation arising from Mr. Irvin's excellent precepts, and the superiority of religion over the most splendid theories of philosophy. "I am glad my poor father did not live to witness this day; this heavy reverse of fortune would have broken his heart. I am young, and can better combat with the world. But Anne Irvin——"

As this thought recurred to his mind, his resignation vanished. She had plighted her affections to him in the smiling season of prosperity; but how was he certain that they would stand the chilling blight of adversity, or that she would view the portionless Francis Stanhope in the tender light of her future husband. "Now is the moment to try if her attachment is sincere," he exclaimed. "The worst were better known, than this torturing anxiety. I will take her by surprise, and see how she receives this bitter intelligence." In spite of his recent illness, and the weakness and debility the fever had left on him, he walked, or rather ran, to the parsonage.

On entering the sitting-room he found Anne alone, on the sofa, at work. She rose to receive him with her usual kindness. "How I rejoice, my dear Francis, to see you able to walk hither again without support. But you look ill and fatigued. Sit down on the sofa, and take some refreshment. I have a very interesting anecdote to tell you of one of my poor pensioners."

"You have more poor pensioners than you imagine, Anne," returned Francis, trying to conceal his agitation. "You no longer see before you the wealthy Francis Stanhope, flattered and caressed by the world for his good name and ample inheritance; but a man involved in calamity, worn down with sickness and sorrow, whose boasted wealth has passed from him like dew before the glance of the noon-day sun. Read that paper, my beloved girl, and see if you can any longer regard me as your future husband!"



With a trembling hand Anne received and read his uncle's letter, and though her eyes filled with tears, it was more on his account than her own. "Do you think so meanly of me, Francis," she said, in a tender yet reproachful tone, "as to imagine that this piece of paper, or the distressing intelligence it contains, is sufficient to destroy the affection of years, or can alter my sentiments toward you. Francis, you have wounded my feelings by your ungenerous suspicions. You should have known Anne Irvin better than to have ranked her with that class of females who estimate the good qualities of their lover by the length of his purse."

"Noble, generous girl, I have indeed wronged you!" exclaimed Francis, his heart swelling with inward satisfaction at this proof of her disinterested attachment. "I had not the vanity to imagine that you would resign a life of calm enjoyment to contribute to the happiness of a ruined man. I have no longer a splendid establishment to offer you, or any of those luxuries you have been accustomed to possess. I have not even the satisfaction of knowing myself deserving of a treasure like you."

"Perhaps more worthy of my love now, than when you were the proud possessor of those tempting riches. Francis, I am an only child. My father is rich, and can do much for us; and if we cannot afford to indulge in luxuries, they are not necessary to happiness; and with a little prudence we may enjoy many comforts. I know my father's sentiments will agree with mine; and as I hear his voice in the next room, I will, if you please, spare you the unnecessary pain of communicating this disagreeable business."

Mr. Irvin received his daughter's information with more composure than even she had expected. "Nancy!" he said, kissing tenderly her pale cheek, "you ought to rejoice in this event; it will render him a wiser and better man." Then hastening to Francis, he offered him his advice and assistance in the present exigency.

"Your affairs," he said, "perhaps, are not so bad as you imagine. Something will be saved out of the general wreck. Your uncle, I doubt not, will do every thing that lies in his power to ameliorate your misfortune. In the meantime return to college, and prosecute your intention of entering into the church."

"Most willingly; but the means, my dear sir, are no longer in my power."

"But they are in mine—Francis, are you not my son? or if not exactly so at present, do I not consider you as my Nancy's future husband? Believe me, I prize the prospect of your moral improvement far beyond the wealth you have lost."

"But my father's old and faithful servants, what will become of them? And poor Ishmael, who has attended me with such affection and tenderness through my illness, must he return to his old course of life, after all my offers of service?"

"Certainly not: Ishmael has a claim upon me. I owe him a debt I shall be proud to repay. He shall still accompany the master to whom he has proved himself to be sincerely attached. As to the others, you may transfer them from your service into mine."

Francis expressed the gratitude he felt in the most lively terms, and perhaps, at that moment, felt more justly proud of the unbought affection of Anne, and the friendship of her excellent father, than he ever had of the riches he had lost; and he entered upon his new course of life with alacrity and pleasure.

Before he quitted B—— for college, he entrusted his affairs entirely to the prudent management of Mr. Irvin; and so well did he discharge the office imposed on him, that after the sale of the estates, he found a handsome sum still due to the old possessor; enough, with economy, to maintain him with respectability. After some months spent in diligent study, Francis returned to his native town, full of hope, and perfectly re-established in health. Many alterations had taken place during his absence. Jervis, having been presented to a good living by a distant relation, who had lost his only son, was determined to make George his heir. Francis rejoiced greatly in his friend's happy reverse of fortune; likewise in the marriage of Johnstone and Fanny, that had been celebrated during his residence at Oxford. From Henry he learnt that Musgrave had been reconciled to his brother, and had succeeded in regaining the confidence of his father, and was likely to do extremely well. Adversity had produced the most salutary change in young Stanhope's mind and sentiments. No longer a gloomy misanthrope, brooding over the faults of others, he was lively, cheerful, and benevolent, actively employing his time in ameliorating the sufferings of his fellow creatures, instructing the ignorant, and persuading the hardened sinner to renounce the error of his ways. His sacred office became a source of satisfaction and comfort; while his fine

voice and impressive delivery never failed drawing a numerous congregation to the church where he officiated. Many of his former gay associates, who at first attended to criticise, returned deeply affected by his persuasive and nervous eloquence. Convinced of the great moral improvement in his godson's character, Mr. Irvin no longer withheld his daughter from him; and Francis, as he led the blushing Anne from the altar, declared at that moment he no longer regretted the wealth he had lost, but considered himself the happiest and richest of men; that he had proved that virtue was not merely confined to theory; but having joined practice to precept, he found "her ways were ways of pleasantness, and all her paths were peace."

### THE CEYLONESE CAPTIVES.

**DURING** the war between the Portuguese and the inhabitants of the island of Ceylon, Senhor Thomas de Susa, who commanded the European forces, took prisoner a beautiful Indian, who had promised herself in marriage to an amiable youth of her own tribe.

The lover was no sooner informed of this misfortune, than he hastened to throw himself at the feet of his beloved, who, with transport, received him in her arms; their sighs and their tears were mingled, and it was some time before their words could find utterance to express their grief. At length, when they had somewhat recovered, they agreed, that since their misfortunes had left them no hopes of living together in freedom, they would partake with each other all the horrors of slavery.

Susa, who had a soul truly susceptible of tender emotions, was moved at the sight. "It is enough," said he to them, "that you wear the chains of love:—you shall not wear those of slavery. You are free;—go and be happy in the lawful embraces of wedlock."

The two lovers fell on their knees;—they could not persuade themselves to quit so generous a hero; and thought themselves happy in being permitted to live under the laws of a nation, which so nobly knew how to make use of victory, and so generously softened the calamities of war.



## THE QUESTION;

OR,

"IS SHE AN HEIRESS, OR A BEGGAR?"

(Concluded from page 272.)

SUMMER passed unmarked by events, for except his midsummer remittance they had no letter from Mr. Eustace; and, as autumn advanced, Louisa's spirits became oppressed with anxiety, for which there appeared no visible cause, if we except a letter from Mrs. Wilmington, which confirmed the truth of Edward Forester's information as to the character of her admirer, adding some rather ill-natured remarks of her acquaintance on her sudden disappearance. "They say, my love," was the conclusion, "none of us know, in fact, whether you are an heiress, or a beggar."

One evening in the early part of autumn Louisa was walking in the groves which surrounded the hall, and to which she had always access, with this letter in her hand, and she had read the sentence aloud twice, and in the same tone was adding, "it is cruel in them to say so, yet I am myself in the same predicament," when she was startled by a rustling foot, and Edward Forester stood before her.

"I did not mean to do this," said he, timidly; "I would not have intruded on your confidence for the world;—indeed I would not have seen you, Louisa, if I could have helped it;—it is my duty to fly you."

Louisa started with surprise, which changed to grief when she saw Edward, for he looked as ill as his brother had done when she saw him last. She did not advert either to the letter in her hand or his observations upon it, but eagerly inquired "if he had been unwell since she saw him?"

"No, I thank you: considering how unhappy I have been, my health, which was always good, has remained so; but I have been on horseback many hours, and have this moment received a letter, which, following my fatigue, makes me certainly feel ill.—You will soon know more about it; you will soon comprehend"—

"And why not tell me now? we are alone: you surely cannot suppose, Edward, that any thing which afflicts you so much can be indifferent to me;—as children we had no secrets."

"Children! would I could have remained a boy for ever, to have sate by you cutting your pencil, or shading your flowers. Your sympathy destroys my resolution; I must tell you all. Louisa, I love you; fondly, tenderly, passionately, love you. I have no memory for the time when you were not dear to me, or when I learnt to comprehend the nature of my own feelings. I have also been warned by my dear mother against indulging them, though she loved you also as one of her own children. 'Edward,' she would say, 'Louisa is poor, and you cannot take a portionless wife.' And if I urged that perhaps you would inherit your uncle's wealth, she would then add, 'In that case her uncle will marry her highly, and refuse you as a younger brother.'

"It was in consequence of this feeling that when I beheld you first, splendidly dressed, and apparently exalted in situation, my heart sunk, and my hopes were blighted. I avoided you from that hour until the one when I rushed forward to snatch you from ruin; but I said, even then, my conduct was not disinterested;—do you remember it?"

"Perfectly; but I know not to what you allude."

"No; but you must now know it. My father determined at that time to seek you for my brother; the illness of the invalid has prevented the design till now, and the letter of which I speak tells me that he has written."

"But it could not tell you that I had consented, Edward; therefore, why should you be so wretched?"

"Dear Louisa, what power have you to withstand the commands of your uncle, the solicitations of your mother? what pretext for refusing an amiable youth who loves you, (not indeed as I love,) but who has wealth, title, all that woman covets, to offer you?—and I! ought I not to plead for him, the poor invalid, so long a sufferer?—shame on me, that I cannot plead."

"I love your brother as a brother, but I cannot, and will not, marry him; and I am quite certain that my mother will not compel me," said Louisa: "and as to wealth or title, they are no temptations to me—I am very happy in the cottage."

"No, Louisa, you are not happy—you are a good girl, you are resigned to poverty, but I could not bear to see you in it; besides, I have no right to think that you have for me that feeling which

alone enables woman to endure the evils of life; nor ought I for a moment to wish you to have it?"

As Edward spoke these words, he turned away his head, and wept—Louisa affected beyond all power of control, wept also.

At length commanding herself, she said, "Edward, I will not marry your brother, nor any other man; I am very young, and can wait a very, *very* long time for those I love."

At this moment the wheels of a carriage were heard close behind them. It was so seldom that such sounds had been heard here lately, that it startled both, and they instantly separated. Obeying the motion of Louisa's hand, Edward returned to his father's house, whilst she, with "fainting steps, and slow," retraced her path to the cottage, endeavouring to obliterate the remains of tears on her countenance; and feeling, in despite of the difficulties which surrounded her, that consolation which the consciousness of being beloved by a good heart, never fails to inspire.

Before Louisa arrived at home, she met a boy sent by her mother to seek her, with the extraordinary information that her uncle had arrived at the cottage. Having no doubt but he had travelled in the carriage she heard, and was come to announce the offer of Sir Roger, her heart beat so violently, she thought she must have expired upon the spot, and she entered the cottage evidently so near fainting, that the cares of her mother were devoted to her rather than her important guest.

So soon as she was able, she endeavoured to show her uncle that attention she felt to be his due, and found that he was much pleased with it. After he had taken some refreshment, and enquired if they could accommodate him with a bed, he began to express himself also pleased with the fitting up of the house, and the neatness of the garden, praising Louisa for her good contrivances, in setting things off at a small expense. Having re-seated himself, he then began to explain the reason of his visit.

"I am come," said he, "to put you in mourning, or else to take you back with me for the same purpose—my poor nephew, your cousin, is dead." Being sensibly relieved by this information, the trembling girl gave to the case more apparent sympathy than could well have been expected; in consequence of which Mr. Eustace observed—

"Aye! child, it is a great loss to you certainly; for I had fully intended to have married you to each other immediately on his arrival, since from all I could learn you were remarkably well



calculated for each other. He was wealthy, and you were poor; but then he was sickly, and you were healthy—he had very little understanding, and you have a good deal; so that, although the balance lay in your favour, it was not to a blameable extent. A husband weak both in mind and body may be considered some drawback on the pleasures of fortune.”

“Indeed he may,” observed Mrs. Eustace, very emphatically.

“However, he is a much better bargain, nevertheless, than nine out of ten of the husbands now-a-days offered by the world you moved in last winter, where a girl *without* fortune has no chance of meeting with any thing better than a fool, and *with* a fortune, will most likely become the prey of a sharper. If a marriage connection is not made up regularly in such circles by sensible relations, so far as I can learn, it is sure to be positively wretched; if well managed, it only proves stupid.”

“Your pictures of married life, my dear sir, are not very flattering.”

“No, but they are true. I would, nevertheless, wish Louisa to marry in *due time*; for women without fathers and brothers ought to marry, and I rejoice in bringing her a most unexceptionable offer.”

“I had rather not marry, a great deal,” said Louisa, instinctively clinging to her mother.

“Then what will become of you, Miss? you are not to suppose that you are your cousin’s heir. No! every shilling of his property comes to me; therefore I judge it right that either you or me should marry; and I think it very hard, indeed, that I should be put to so much inconvenience at my time of life.”

“Dear sir,” said Mrs. Eustace, temporizing, “allow Louisa time to think, and proper means for cultivating acquaintance with your friend, and then, perhaps—”

“Friend! he’s no friend of mine; ’tis the son of your neighbour, Sir Roger Forester. He has written to me on the subject, and taken the matter up in a business like manner, I must say; offering his heir to Louisa, as knowing I should accept no other son for her; and handsomely lamenting that both families were similarly situated as to the principal personage. I call this a fair offer; and, in my opinion, it is far better to accept it, than to go again into the world, angling for a husband in a dubious character; but if Louisa prefers it, she shall have another winter, in which to appear as a rural beauty, whom some exhibit as a heiress, and others stigmatize as a beggar.”

The cruelty of these taunts overcame Louisa, who burst into tears; but seeing the old gentleman seemed waiting for her reply, she so far overcame her feelings, as to answer,

"I never wished to appear in a dubious character, sir, nor would I, nor could I, have entered into the world, if you had not taken me; nor will I ever go again, unless—"

"Unless as a gentleman's wife? is that your meaning?"

"No, sir. I mean, unless I was authorised to appear as a gentlewoman, I don't want to marry—I *cannot* marry poor young Forester."

"Well, I give you six months to consider of it, and six more to make up your mind to it; for I think you ought not to be taken at your word just now; a long winter in the country will have more effect, probably, than any thing I can say; in the meantime remember that all your future interest in me depends upon the decision before you."

The following morning the old gentleman returned, making no further provision for the wants of the household than he had done in years that were past; and of course their wants were much more sensibly felt than they had been. When he had been gone some days, and Louisa found that Edward Forester had left the hall, she told her mother as much of her interview with him as sufficed to show how deeply she was interested in his happiness; and how incapable she felt herself to tearing one brother from her heart and placing the other there; for she was now fully aware, that the preference she had long given to Edward had preserved her from all other in town, and was likely to prove a still stronger tie in the country.

It was evident that Edward was determined to leave Louisa to her own unbiassed decision; for, although in a moment of agony he had thrown the state of his feelings open to her, he now abstained from every medium of affecting her resolution. The hall remained untenanted; her uncle wrote not a line; and the winter was singularly severe, so that the mother and daughter were confined to their own cheerless thoughts. Still Louisa felt comfort in the consideration that she was not appearing in borrowed plumes, or exciting fear for her conduct, or her happiness, in the faithful bosom of him whose very forbearance to visit, or write, was an earnest of his high character; and, amidst all her sorrow and anxiety, she still clung to his love as a something from which she could not be divided, and which she ought not to resign.

One tempestuous day in the ensuing March, they were much surprised by receiving a call from an eminent solicitor, whom they had sometimes met at Sir Roger's house, who took the liberty, as he said, to inform them "that he had good reason to believe that young Eustace had made a will and left Louisa all his property, which was at this time held by their uncle as heir, and he offered his services in seeing her receive the justice of which he held her to be deprived."

"This is a very serious charge against a man remarkable hitherto for probity," said Mrs. Eustace.

"It is all a false report, sir," added Louisa; "my uncle is unkind, and self-willed, but he said I had nothing, and I therefore am certain it is so. I would not wound his feelings by questioning his integrity for the world."

"Pardon me, Miss Eustace, if I say I am aware of your engagement."

"I have no engagement," said Louisa, eagerly. At this moment, to their increased surprise, Mr. Eustace entered the apartment, and there appeared to be other persons also pressing into it, but poor Louisa heard only his voice in anger as he exclaimed, "Your six months' notice expires in one hour and three quarters, and have you not made up your mind yet? is so serious an affair left for so short a consideration?"

"Pardon me, sir, I have considered it ever since."

"And pray what objection have you (save sheer obstinacy) to marrying Edward Forester?"

"Edward Forester, sir?"

"Yes, miss, Edward Forester; or, if you like better, Sir Edward Forester, seeing that his brother is dead in France, and his father in England."

"Really, sir, you overwhelm me with this awful news;—poor Sir Roger dead?"

"Yes: he died at Dover of an apoplectic fit, as he was hastening to me to confirm my promise that I would make you marry the present heir. Well, child, I say nothing against your crying for the old man, though 'tis more than many would do, for he was confoundedly positive and cross-grained."

When Mr. Eustace ceased to speak, the lawyer informed him, *verbatim*, of the conversation which had taken place previous to his entrance, on which he instantly flew to the door, and leading in the new baronet, abruptly asked, "if he were willing to take



Louisa Eustace, in order to fulfil the intentions of his late father?"

The young lover, deeply affected by the late awful events in his family, and alarmed by the sight of Louisa in tears, simply answered, "I am, sir—that is, provided Miss Eustace——"

"Provided! sir—I make no provisions, and the girl herself has disclaimed all title to any property arising either from lands, slaves, canes, dwellings, funds, bonds——"

"Property, sir, was not in my mind."

"Then you take her for better for worse, without a shilling, and will marry her this day six months?"

"Most thankfully, if she permits."

"Permits! a fiddle-stick—are you not honest and generous? Though foolish (in this) yet, I take it, no fool moreover, barring that you are in sorrow, yet your health is good, and your figure, as far as I can see, pretty sightly;—what could any girl wish for more? Had I had my wishes, she would have had much less, I can tell you."

With these words the peremptory uncle might be said to dissolve the meeting, for he hurried away both the young baronet and the old lawyer, leaving Mrs. Eustace and her daughter looking surprised and almost awe-struck at each other. To persons living in such seclusion as they had done, the rapid movement of such momentous events and disclosures looked like a dream, but it is certain that its prevalent impression was that of sweetness and peace.

A short time sufficed for procuring the details, as it appeared that the funeral of Sir Roger had taken place some days before at another family estate, and that his widow and daughters, though likely to reside there eventually, were now hastening to the hall. Their arrival was a pleasure to all the country, but not so important to any part of it as the inhabitants of the cottage, whom they welcomed with all the affection of warm and generous natures, and from whom they expected evidently to receive the condolences of intended relationship.

Sir Edward did not immediately make his appearance, but when he arrived, it appeared to be not less his pride, than his happiness, to distinguish Louisa as his future bride, thereby soothing her pride in the point where she had been formerly wounded. Never had the summer months been so delightful to Louisa as these were; but when autumn drew on, some anxiety mingled

with her enjoyment, and many were the consultations held on the subject of preparation for her approaching nuptials. Her mother used her utmost ingenuity, and her utmost economy, for the purpose, but both were unequal to the end required; and Louisa at length made up her mind to receive all things from her future lord, conscious that in her reliance she should render him as happy, as the power of giving him a noble fortune would have made herself.

A short letter announced the intention of Mr. Eustace to be present at the wedding, and accordingly he arrived at the cottage at an early hour, and to their astonishment, made his appearance in a splendid equipage, with new, rich liveries, forming alike a contrast to the humble house he entered, and the simple, though delicately neat array of his niece, whom he found seated between her future sisters. After an eulogium on early rising, he produced from a parcel (handed by the servant) a splendid veil, and then took from his pocket a casket of superb pearls, saying, in his usual bustling way, "come, come, put these things on, child, and then, as I want my breakfast, I will step forward to the hall, where I suppose I shall find it, and where you can bring these ladies in *your* chariot."

"My chariot, sir?"

"Yes, yours—I have had that, and all your fal lals, chosen by your old chaperone; they are quite west, I promise you."

At this moment Sir Edward's carriage came up to fetch them; but Mr. Eustace insisted on Louisa and her mother using that he called his niece's, which he directed to drive slowly to the church, to which place he soon after brought the rest of the party. Here poor Louisa soon forgot, in the awful ceremony, everything but the duties in which she engaged, and the warm affection and gratitude which filled her heart towards her husband, who, although surprised to see her so adorned, considered herself a jewel beyond all price.

On their return, the dowager Lady Forester welcomed her new daughter with the utmost affection, but she could not forbear to whisper, "really, Louisa, your packages are enormous, and coming when we were quite unprepared—but I must attend to breakfast."

Only two or three old friends of the family were present, in consequence of which, conversation soon became general; Mr. Eustace made a hearty breakfast, and was very chatty, enquiring,

"whether the new married couple had any objection to go into Northamptonshire, where there was a good house, in a charming country, ready for their reception by this time?"

"I can have no objection if Louisa wishes it," said the bridegroom.

"Louisa's wishes must now be yours; nevertheless, the poor girl should be mistress of her own house during the honeymoon; so I would have you go thither."

"Dear sir, I have no house," said the bride.

"I tell you, you have—house, estate, carriage, servants, everything a woman can want, or a man desire, for you are now possessor of your cousin's fortune, and will hereafter be possessor of mine. Sir Edward married you a beggar to *your* honour, he finds you an heiress to *my* honour, and the question asked so often by the wiseheads in town, can now be answered by every bumpkin in the country. B.

#### LANGUAGE OF THE HOTTENTOTS.

ONE peculiarity of their language is so singular, that it has not failed to attract the attention of all travellers. Most of their words are pronounced with a smack or clucking sound, produced by the quick retraction of the tongue from the teeth of the upper jaw, or from the palate against which it has been pressed. Words of more than one syllable are accompanied or divided, and rendered special and emphatic in their application by two clucks; and these accents, if we may so term them, are formed in three different ways, as the word or the subject requires, by striking the point of the tongue more or less backward against the palate. This characteristic of the Hottentot language, from its frequent recurrence, gives the speaker a grotesque and hurried appearance to a stranger, one of the clucks being exactly that used to express impatience; while it makes the attainment of the language appear extremely difficult: but as in the case of every innocent peculiarity in the manners of a strange people, our aversion is worn away by familiarity, and many of the Boors speak it with as much fluency as the Hottentots themselves.



## THE SIX CALENDARS;

OR,

SKETCHES OF LIFE FROM THE KNIGHTS' CELL OF THE UNITED  
SERVICE CLUB OF GREAT BRITAIN.

(Concluded from page 248.)

### THE FAREWELL OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE CELL.

IMPROVEMENT, while raising new edifices, often "brings an old house over the builders' heads." So it used to be, in past-gone times; but modern fashions frequently cause the fall of the novel structure on the projectors' pates; and instead of worn-out crumbling bricks of a century or two, and rafters of worm-eaten oak, giving, at last, slow way to the foot of time, we have the patent-stone column, the patent-cemented wall, the patent-iron roof, all coming rattling down into the path-way of the architect, just as he had cleared off his scaffolding, and proclaimed the building reared for ages! Such a fate, in fact, has befallen our little Cell of United Service in Dash Street. It, unluckily, lifted its modest dimensions just beneath the left-hand shadow of a huge palace of entertainment, approaching to its completion; and which, lined throughout with parian marble, to render it fire-proof, and covered with a new chemically constructed metal, to render it thunder-proof, and even bomb-proof, should occasion need, and hung with a species of Indian rubber, gilded, and stamped with stars and suns, to render it water-proof—all at once, one stormy night, when the chimneys were flying from the tops of the adjoining houses, like kites in a high wind, it began to topple towards the street, then to wave a little to the right and to the left;—and to the left it fell!—The superb materials of the great palace for the Club of Trumps, (for so the respectable gentlemen who had pic-nicked, and congregated to erect it, as the glory of London, had denominated themselves!) choked up the whole of the street; and its dust did the same to a mighty host of servants, horses, and gay folk passing in their carriages through the next square, from the Opera-house. The goodly company of the Trump manufactory themselves, whom this mal-à-propos accident had driven out into the common air, were in the most pitiable consternation and condition. Some were knocked on the head by fragments of their bomb-proof roof; others

terribly torn by splinters from the lightning-guard; and not a few ran out in a blaze, from the disjointed galleries of the fire-proof illumined walls; the spiry volumes of the burning gas, igniting many a flying be-wigged, or be-curved beau, as he sped along under the crashing lamps. But, when all who did escape got fairly out of the way of being smothered by their water-proof habitation, then came the full triumph of the offended elements; and every man of the assembly stood under the down-pour of the raining storm, or ran where he could for shelter, completely soused to the skin.

It was the lot of the members of our little modest abode, to have happily taken their flight from our unhappy cell, in the first moment of their feeling a jerk of the *house-quake*, of our neighbour. Indeed, from the first day of our seeing it begin to rise (hardly three months ago!) from the ground, like an exhalation, after having displaced "a hundred smokes," as the wild Irish would call them, of as many quiet, humble, contented families; and, instead of their sober faces, standing at their lowly, comfortable doors, we beheld a pile of grandeur and of gaudiness; and the countenances that entered there, flushed with wine and wassail, and the dice-box in their hands; when we saw all this, we had then augured that "no good could come of our lofty neighbour."

Off we set, from the little wicket of our cell, before its ceiling became a yawning chasm; and, as we fled, and looked back, it was gone! No longer visible; it was buried under the groaning, crashing, hissing rubbish of the august ruin; which, in its fallen state, it may be said, "left not a wreck behind!" for nothing could be discerned of its before apparently superb materials; the paint, the plaster, the *make-believe* of the whole structure, being now broken up, and scattered away; the flimsy fabric of the whole was completely revealed; and the so lately boasted Palace of the Club of Trumps was at once exposed as a most trumpery piece of whip-syllabub, in the shape of stone and mortar!

Through rain and wind, and flambeaued by the lightning, with the bold thunder our gentlemen usher into the hall of our great brethren of the *field of Waterloo*; we dashed in there! but there was vacancy! all the members, full fourteen hundred strong, were employed in a noble court-yard, not far off, called *La Belle Alliance*; and which they had ingeniously rendered perfectly weather-proof, by awning it over with various well-seasoned flags and old standards, which had crossed, and re-crossed, Atlantic and

Pacific, and withstood storm-cloud, and war-cloud, from the land's end of old Gibraltar, to the farthest point of Indian Mysore ! Our General-President over our little no-longer-existing cell, smiled, and grasped his time-rusted sword, when he eyed the proud British standard which waved before him up the steep of Seringapatam. "Ah !" cried Sir Ongar Oldham, "my friend, thou didst not get the cognomen of Mysore for naught !" "*Ecce signum !*" replied he, smiling yet more pleasureably, and showing his sleeve bereft of his left arm—"Away went this member ; but here is the standard it pointed to ! and who would not exchange his own five fingers for such an empire, to present with the spared right hand, to old England !" We cast up our dusty, rain-drenched hats, and, like true Englishmen, young and old, cried hurrah ! The noise we made brought into the hall a certain veteran porter of these yet busy worthies ; and Horatio, the youngster of our party, and therefore of the glibber tongue, enquired of the greybeard, what the cavaliers and their doughty brethren of the sea were doing under that sort of pavilion-roof ? "Please your honour," answered the old soldier, putting up his hand to his brow, in the customary form of military obeisance to a superior officer ; "they be building on the foundations they managed to lay in a hundred countries abroad ; and which, by a certain art I am not bound to reveal to any but whom my masters please, they have managed to bring here into their own land ; and delved into such depth of soil, that the matter stands like a rock ; and the structure they are rearing on it, being of the most lasting, as well as rarest materials, rises story above story, in broad and regular succession, till its base will cover the whole empire of Great Britain, and its height reach far beyond the clouds ; so that neither storm above, or earthquake beneath, can have any effect on that edifice of the best and thoroughly tried materials !"

"But methinks," remarked Sir Ongar Oldham, "it savoured something too much of the changeling fashion, not consistent with the perpetuated principles of these, the truly *free and accepted masons* ! their having quitted at all, the really noble hall of their united service ; in which we now find shelter from those tumbling ruins of over-topping vanity !—to themselves erect another, of any prouder dimensions !"

"By your honour's favour," answered the veteran, "my masters only move their own quarters, to give room for the bed and



board of the brave rank and file, who might otherwise bivouac in the streets! or rather, shall I say, the veterans march on into the interior of the temple of glory which their country has prepared for them; and, by natural course, the young cadets in the same career, occupy the bannered ground they leave!"

And it was a bannered ground; a pavilion, a hall worthy the heroes who had resigned it; worthy the gallant young men who were following their steps. The furniture of the spacious apartments was simple as a camp; and the pictures of great chiefs, with commemorations of their victories, were the appropriate tapestry of the unshakeable walls. In one chamber, the gazer found himself in the fields of Crecy and Poitiers; in another, at Agincourt; a third showed him the destruction of the Spanish Armada; and, not far distant, were the pictured reflections of the Nile and Trafalgar, and another, where a tremendous mist yet covered the glory of the field. On, through a long gallery, the battles of Marlborough were numbered; and opposite was the lengthened range of the hero of Waterloo, the Great *Cid* the Second of once-rescued Spain. Two little chambers lay between; but they were bright ones:—the fields of Acre, and Alexandria, were towards the rising sun in one; and Sidney Smith and Ralph Abercrombie were looking out from the dispersing clouds over those two cities. In the second room, its also modest neighbour, was the story of one battle—Corunna! Valour, and devoted patriotism, and the death of the brave, were there; and the fortress-tomb of the hero, in whom all these were summed up, lay, crowned with a deathless light, in his glory!

It was not possible for the young, or the old soldier's heart, to walk in these chambers, and not burn within. These were examples; these were lessons to the eye, and thence to the soul. The effigy of no mere conqueror was here. Self-aggrandizing ambition was denied a niche in the walls of those men, whose arms had never been raised, but in the defence of true freedom, just laws, and good order; and, of whatever country he might spring, you would still be able to discover, in the large saloon dedicated to the portraits of the truly brave and fame-worthy of all lands, the likeness of the foreign hero you might wish to see, whether always a friend, or sometimes an enemy, of England's peculiar politics; and, amongst moderns of this cast, none stood more nobly eminent than North American Washington, and South American Bolivar. Napoleon, indeed, was there; but it was in

two discomfited fields; at Acre, and at Waterloo; and he, who might have been the most glorious of warriors, as he certainly was one of the greatest, lay amongst the fallen, and a captive, because he, who might have been the most efficient friend of his adopted country, had become the determined tyrant of mankind! Alas! Alas! for poor human nature; thy blot is often darkest on the greatest:—and thus is virtue raised to its own high level, even when the possessor may be, perhaps, the lowest soldier in the despot's ranks! This was the lesson, those pictured galleries in the hall of heroes taught. A library also of books, which told of all these scenes, occupied one very extensive apartment; and there the walls were hung with the maps of every country in the world; and plans of the most noted fortress-towns; and charts for the most distant and intricate voyages; and surveys of every coast. Two magnificent globes, celestial and terrestrial, occupied the middle of the room; and writing-tables, with every necessary apparatus for the pen, or pencil, stood conveniently around. "Here could I dwell, from rising sun, to setting orb, a summer's day! and yet believe the hours but moments!" cried our friend Horatio. "Not so;" interrupted a younger voice behind him; and turning round, we perceived a handsome youth of about twenty, dressed in a hussar uniform; and soon proclaiming himself one of the members of the newly-born Junior Club, to whom this noble edifice was now consigned, he laughingly added, "We do not mean to begin our cantonments here, with a tilt at musty volumes! Do not you forget, my old Knights of the Cell, your own motto,

"Blest isle, with matchless beauty crown'd,  
And manly hearts to guard the fair!"

I give you ours; 'None but the brave deserve the fair!' and, if deserving them, why not win and wear their smiles? Here we shall try our unfledged arrows at their hearts; and yon gallery of heroes is to be our field." In short, a little explanation from our stripling brother-in-arms informed us that a ball was to be given there; to which "the fair, and good, and chaste," were to be most respectfully invited; and, while the honoured matrons of venerated England were to sit by, under the shade of their husbands' laurels, and the toil-marked war-scarfs of their own embroidering, with those veterans at their sides, the young maidens, attired by the modest graces, yet feeling the honest pulse that beats for the true and brave, conducted by the sons of

the brave, emulating their sires, would "thrid the mazy dance;" thus mingling the ameliorating attractions of lovely peace, with the necessary nursery of war; and in that act, antidoting the poison from its weapon; gently, and surely, preparing it to be moulded from its faulchion, and poniard forms, into the pruning-hook and the plough-share!

May such be the temple of universal concord, reared by the exploits of the united services of army and navy, past and present; and thus may its glory form the fame of England. With this wish, the six brethren of their little vanished Cell say farewell to their gentle readers, and close their Calendar. J. P.

### SUICIDE OF A LOVER.

THE subject of the following narrative was the son of a member of the parliament of Paris, and heir to his father's property, which was very great. The young man being smitten with the beauty of a young lady of whom his father entirely disapproved, occasioned continual disputes; and led the harsh parent to insist upon his son not only breaking off the engagement, but giving his hand to another lady whom he had selected.

But, as the young man's heart had already been subdued by the fair one, after whom he sighed, he resolved not to obey the commands imposed by his father; and his thoughts were for some time employed in inventing a scheme to extricate himself from so unpleasant a dilemma. But, all resources failing him, he left home in a state of desperation, carrying with him a brace of loaded pistols; and he repaired to the country seat where his charmer resided with her parents.

Immediately on presenting himself before her, she observed something peculiarly wild in his manner, and an extraordinary expression in his eyes. He implored her to take a short walk with him, in a copse which was near the house, to which she consented:—but no sooner had they reached a retired spot, where no human eyes discovered them, than he threw himself at the feet of his beloved girl, and declared, that his father was anxious he should desert her, and wed another; but rather than comply with so cruel a request, he would die. But I have formed a resolution, he added, and will fulfil it; and I hope and trust you will aid me in its accomplishment. The sacrifice I am about to make is



quite equal to the one required of you; and I am firmly of opinion, if you really love me, you will have no hesitation in complying with my request,—which is, to die with me.—However it may be, I have determined upon my *own* destruction.—Behold these pistols,” said he, pulling them from his pocket;—“I will present one at your head, and afterwards will blow out my own brains with the other.”

This proposition, however, was not very acceptable to the young lady; for, whether she was not so ardently attached to her admirer as he was to her, or whether she had a wish to continue in existence—although she might be deprived of his society, she was desirous of remaining longer in the world; and therefore endeavoured to dissuade the infatuated lover from executing his rash and dreadful project. She likewise argued with him, on the probability that his father might alter his determination, and their union might yet take place. But, notwithstanding her representations and entreaties, he remained inflexible in his resolution.

“We have not a moment to lose,” he cried, “we must die instantly, lest some one should approach and prevent us.”

The fair damsel, finding his mind was made up, and in order to escape from the imminent peril, pretended to approve of the rash measure, and begged he would first kill himself, to encourage her to follow the example; and she assured him she would pull the trigger of the pistol most gladly, when he had done so. The credulous and fond youth believed the assertion of his adored charmer, and immediately shot himself through the head. But she, following the example of the young widow mentioned by La Fontaine, permitted her devoted admirer to take his travels into the next world alone, and ran terrified to her father's house, to whom she related the sad adventure.

A report was circulated in the country, by the agonized father, that the young man had fallen from his horse, and in the fall one of his pistols went off and killed him; but this story was never credited. The father repented of his severe commands, when his son was no more.

## NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**VICTORIA, or THE MALE COQUETTE AND THE DUPE.**

3 vols. 12mo. — London, 1828.

We are, if we be not greatly mistaken, indebted to a female pen for this very interesting production. Disdaining the usual and vulgar common place of novelists, she does not seek to interest by dark dungeons and mysterious labyrinths; unexpected apertures, or ghosts, or mysteries, which eventuate in nothing. The attention she excites is not momentary or desultory: her narrative has a continuous interest; and the best feelings of our nature are powerfully awakened as it proceeds. We think it would be impossible for the most listless to read the first chapter, without reading all: the style is chaste and animated, the sentiments correct and beautiful, and some of the descriptive passages are equal to anything in the *Waverley Novels*.

The plot has at least the merit of being original, and we believe the *dénouement* offends against all the canons of romance; but it is not the less interesting or less natural on that account. The story is founded on an incident mentioned in Sully's *Memoirs*. The heroine is a most happy conception, and her character is admirably sustained throughout the three volumes. Victoria was the daughter of Pierre le Roe, one of the principal inhabitants of the delightful village of St. Hillary, situate at about a league's distance from the most western of the Pyrenean mountains, and not far from the sea shore: it was much frequented by those who were fond of the picturesque; and enjoyed an additional distinction of being in the neighbourhood of the birth-place of the celebrated Henry of Navarre. Victoria was only a few years his junior, and as her beauty and vivacity were always remarkable, he had early conferred upon her—for he was familiar with the peasantry—the title of the “Rose of the Saint.” Pierre claimed descent from a family of merit, and as he was vain of his ancestry, Victoria's talents were cultivated with great care; and, being noticed by the daughters of the feudal lord of the place, her accomplishments were not inferior to those of the daughters of the nobility. It was just after a fête given in honor of the “Rose of the Saint,” that the villagers were called upon to follow their lord to the field: they willingly obeyed, and during her father's absence, Victoria rescued from imminent peril a stranger knight; had him conveyed to her cottage; and felt interested in his fate: his name was De Courcy; his age about thirty, and his figure and countenance noble and engaging. Victoria thoughtlessly listened to his honeyed accents; learned from him the newest airs and the most fashionable songs,—in fact, she gave him her heart. At this time Durceville, the curate of the village, bowed to the idol of St. Hillary; but

she would not listen to his addresses ; she could think of no one but De Courcy. An accident, however, revealed to her his character : he was a coquette, and in making love to a rival, he did not hesitate to libel her. This aroused her indignation ; she refused to hear his protestations of repentance, and resolved to take revenge :—a woman's revenge.

The arrival of the young king at his sister's at Pau, was the occasion of a fête to which all were invited. Victoria resolved to attend. She communicated her determination to her father and her friend Isabel, and on the appointed day she repaired to the festival. Here she was taken under the protection of her young friend Lady Blanche de Thionville, and became a candidate for the prize to be awarded to the best female archer.

"The fair competitors were already mostly assembled together. Although their dresses were alike, it was impossible for Victoria to be passed unnoticed, so distinguished was the style of her beauty. The question, 'Who is she?' was passed from one to another, but it was a question none appeared able to solve. The young Chevalier de Montmorenci, who seemed particularly interested in the answer, thought of applying to the herald, in order to obtain some information concerning this beauty in the clouds ; but the herald could do no more towards elucidating the mystery, than to inform him by what title she had enrolled herself, and that she was under the protection of Mademoiselle de Thionville. The persevering querist next proceeded to that lady, who had been summoned to the princess immediately after the few words of recognition she had exchanged with Victoria. She happened not to know the name by which the latter had designated herself, and consequently affirmed her entire ignorance of La Paysanne ; but the chevalier, interested in the inquiry, still affirmed she was under the protection of her name. 'Quite impossible!' said mademoiselle, utterly forgetful of Victoria. It then occurred to him that La Paysanne must be certainly a lady of rank, probably some friend of the princess, who desired to remain incognito, and hence the reason of mademoiselle denying all knowledge of her ; and, under that supposition, the laws of politeness forbade him pressing the question. He therefore turned away from Mademoiselle de Thionville, to gaze again on the beautiful features of La Paysanne, and endeavour to discover to what illustrious family they bore the nearest resemblance."

The hour for the trial of female skill in archery at length arrived, several ladies had discharged their arrows, and "Mademoiselle Blanche de Thionville followed :—'Two inches of the bull's eye,' shouted the herald, and a clapping of hands was heard ; but it soon died away, for Victoria's turn came next. The various conjectures about her had, by this time, even reached the ears of the king himself ; and he was not one likely to be uninterested, where an uncommonly beautiful woman was concerned. Victoria stepped forward with her usual air of dignity ; she bent her figure gracefully forward, discharged her shaft, and in a moment recovered her



upright and majestic carriage. 'One inch of the bull's eye,' shouted the herald, and a loud clapping and huzzaing was heard, not only from the aristocratic circle, but from the whole assembled multitude; for the name of *La Paysanne* had interested all the hearts of les *paysannes* in her success."

Victoria being declared the winner, was summoned to the King's tent.

Arrived in the royal presence, Victoria gently relinquished Montmorency's protection, and knelt on one knee before her monarch. He threw the chain round her neck, to which was suspended the golden arrow, and, raising her from the ground, congratulated her on her success. His eyes were fixed on her face, and he seemed as if studying to recal an image to his mind that was half effaced. At last he said, 'Unless my memory betrays me, I have had the pleasure of bestowing the first prize upon an old friend—upon the "*Rose of the Saint*."'

She found herself now in a new world. De Courcy in vain sought her forgiveness: he married a fashionable fair, spent her fortune, and was indebted for support, before he sank into a premature grave, to the humanity of Victoria, who was then wealthy and titled. How she acquired both, which she well deserved, the reader must learn from the work itself. Any abridgment we could give of this part of the narrative, would be doing great injustice to the author; we can, therefore, only once more refer the reader to the novel itself: it will well reward a perusal.

**MARRIAGE: the Source, Stability, and Perfection of Social Happiness and Duty.** By the Rev. H. C. O'Donnoghue, A.M. of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Domestic Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Earl of Dunraven. 12mo. London, 1828.

This is the production of a fervid and well-informed mind. Mr. O'Donnoghue sees in the performance of duties the perfection of social happiness; and wisely considers rational pleasures as the best security and proper rewards of virtue. Happiness is social—the solitary enjoy it not; neither is it permitted to those who seek it only in places of public resort; it retires within the domestic circle, and blesses the home of virtuous love. Marriage may justly be considered as essential to its permanent existence, and our author has given us a very able disquisition on this most interesting subject. He first considers the design and institution of marriage; and, secondly, the duties of married life, not forgetting "love and courtship." It is well worthy the attention of those who are about seeking in marriage the reality of happiness.

**PELHAM; or, THE ADVENTURES OF A GENTLEMAN.** 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1828.

This is one of the most talented of the fashionable novels of the day. The author is decidedly a man of superior attainments, and he sketches

the follies and foibles of those who mix in the great world with an elegant freedom and an accuracy, which must be the result of an extensive experience. There is nothing deserving the name of plot in the work; the adventures are such as might befall any young gentleman; but the different situations in which he is necessarily placed afford a fine field for the display of the author's peculiar talents. The following describes a scene at Cheltenham.

"Upon entering, I saw several heads rising and sinking, to the tune of 'Cherry ripe.' A whole row of stiff necks, in cravats of the most unexceptionable length and breadth, were just before me. A tall thin young man, with dark wiry hair brushed on one side, was drawing on a pair of white Woodstock gloves, and affecting to look round the room with the supreme indifference of *bon ton*.

"Ah, Ritson," said another young Cheltenhamian to him of the Woodstock gauntlets, 'haven't you been dancing yet?'

"No, Smith, 'pon honour!" answered Mr. Ritson; 'it is so overpoweringly hot; no fashionable man dances now;—*It is n't the thing*."

"Why," replied Smith, who was a good-natured looking person, with a blue coat and brass buttons, a gold pin in his neckcloth, and knee breeches, 'Why, they dance at Almack's, don't they?'

"No, 'pon honour," murmured Mr. Ritson, 'no, they just walk a quadrille or *spin a waltz*, as my friend, Lord Bobadob, calls it, nothing more—no, hang dancing, 'tis so vulgar.'

"A stout, red-faced man, about thirty, with wet auburn hair, a marvellously fine waistcoat, and a badly-washed frill, now joined Messrs. Ritson and Smith.

"Ah, Sir Ralph," cried Smith, 'how d'ye do! Been hunting all day, I suppose?'

"Yes, old cock," replied Sir Ralph, 'been after the brush till I am quite done up; such a glorious run. By G—, you should have seen my grey mare, Smith. By G—, she's a glorious fencer.'

"You don't hunt, do you Ritson?" interrogated Mr. Smith.

"Yes, I do," replied Mr. Ritson, affectedly playing with his Woodstock glove; 'yes, but I only hunt in Leicestershire with my friend, Lord Bobadob; 'tis not the thing to hunt anywhere else, 'tis so vulgar.'

Sir Ralph stared at the speaker with mute contempt, while Mr. Smith, like the ass between the hay, stood balancing betwixt the opposing merits of the baronet and the beau. Meanwhile, a smiling, nodding, affected female thing, in ringlets and flowers, flirted up to the trio.

"Now, reelly Mr. Smith, you should deence; a feeshonable young man, like you—I don't know what the young leedies will say to you.' And the fair seducer laughed bewitchingly.

"You are very good, Mrs. Dollimore," replied Mr. Smith, with a blush and a low bow; 'but Mr. Ritson tells me it is not *the thing* to dance.'

" 'Oh,' cried Mrs. Dollimore, 'but then he's seech a naughty, conceited creature—don't follow his example, Meester Smith;' and again the good lady laughed immoderately."

**CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE.** Second Series. By the Author of "Waverley," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1828.

As most of our fair readers have already perused, or are about to peruse, this latest production of the great "Wizard of the North," we shall not at present devote much space to a review of its contents, particularly as we shall have again to recur to it on presenting the readers of the "Ladies' Museum" with an illustration, from the pencil of Mr. Corbould, which is now in the hands of our engraver.

This series of "The Chronicles of the Canongate" consists of one tale, "St. Valentine's Day; or the Fair Maid of Perth." The scene is laid in that ancient burgh to which the name of the heroine appertains, and the events of the tale are supposed to have occurred while Robert III. was holding his court there. The tradition on which the principal incidents are founded, are related in Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," and are familiar to the readers of the domestic history of Scotland. Robert, like all the Stuarts, was a good-natured but weak man; he relied solely upon the advice of his crafty brother, the Duke of Albany, who, wishing to secure the throne for himself, contrived to starve in a dungeon of the castle of Falkland his nephew, the thoughtless and extravagant Rothsay, the king's son. In most of the events which led to this catastrophe, the hero of the tale, Henry Gow, alias Smith, an armourer, and Catherine Glover, the heroine, are involuntary actors; and, after having performed their parts honourably and humanely, are—as a thing of course—made happy. This consummation might have taken place much sooner, were it not for the repugnance which Catherine felt to blood and strife, and the propensity which her lover, the smith, had of mingling in scenes of turmoil. He was one of the best swordsmen in an age when every man was a warrior; but, like all who are really brave, he was humane and kind. There is a highland chief introduced, who admires Catherine, and excites the jealousy of Henry. In a pitched battle his clan are destroyed, and himself escapes disgraced and infamous. The novel abounds with vivid descriptions of the manners of the age, and is, upon the whole, nothing inferior to any of Sir Walter's former productions.

#### REVIEW OF MUSIC.

*Duett between Prince Charles and Lady Eleanor Wemyss.* The Words by Miss A. M. Porter. The Music arranged and harmonised (from an ancient Scotch Air) by John Blewitt.

The music of this duett is pathetic and elegant—very national; and the words of Miss A. M. Porter are answerable to the tender sentiment of the air.



THE  
MIRROR OF FASHION,  
FOR JUNE, 1828.

## CARRIAGE-DRESS.

A DRESS of ethereal blue gros de Naples, with a broad bias fold round the border, headed by Vandyke points, which fall over, leaving a narrow space between them and the fold. The body made with fichu-robings, but not appearing so wide as the corsages do, in general, with this ornament: these robings are edged with points. The sleeves are *à la Marie*; the fulness confined by bands of satin, and at the wrists by bracelets of gold enamel. Hat of fine leghorn, with a full-blown rose, or a rosette of pink riband lying on the hair, under the brim on the left side: on that side is a loop of very broad riband in the place of strings. The hat is crowned with blue and amber ribands, and branches of willow.

## CONCERT-DRESS.

A DRESS of white *crêpe-aerophane*, with a broad flounce round the border, scalloped and trimmed at the edge with two rows of blond; the flounce headed by a rouleau, forming a row of open Vandykes. The body made plain, with a drapery *à la Sevigné* across the breast, finished in the centre by a rosette of white satin. The sleeves *à la Marie*, with antique points of white satin at the wrists, where they are confined by bracelets of gold enamel. Round the middle of the arm is a narrow band of gold lace, and, confining the fulness which is nearest the shoulder, is a band of white satin. The sleeves have mancherons composed of fine blond. The hair is arranged very full, and the Apollo-knot much elevated. A diadem ornament of gold crosses the hair in front, but it is placed above the forehead. Three gold ears of corn adorn each temple. The ear-pendants and necklace are of pearls.

## GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

It, for the last two months, fashion might be said to slumber at intervals, owing to the indecision of our fickle atmosphere, she now steps forth, arrayed in all the light and gay texture of mus-



*Concert & Carriage Dresses, for June, 1828.*

*Invented by Miss Pierpoint, Edward St. Portman Sq.<sup>r</sup>*





lins, slight silks, and gauzes, so appropriate to a warm spring, and early summer. We hail her now cheering presence, and hasten to impart to our fair readers the various new appendages to the toilet, being convinced that we have it in our power to describe to them, amidst those different articles, what must be suited to every taste.

Dresses of cachemire, (we do not mean the cloth so misnamed) but a light kind of material, something like the *barége*: these dresses in shawl patterns, form a charming costume for half dress: they are generally made partially high, and are often trimmed with grass-green riband. Gros de Naples dresses, however, seem yet in high favour: they are trimmed with two broad flounces, pinked, and over the bust falls a beautiful collar of fine muslin, richly embroidered in stripes of open work. Under these stripes is riband, the same colour as the dress, if that is of a lively colour; if not, then the riband is either pink or blue, as may best suit the colour of the robe. This tasteful collar, which is square, and of a novel shape, is finished round by a broad border of very fine lace, set on full. Some very elegant and expensive dresses have appeared of white gros de Naples, beautifully worked in embroidery in shaded silk. The reign for white muslins is about to commence, and they are already seen in abundance; yet they are not so general, at present, as the dresses mentioned above. For the ball-room, dresses of striped gauze, all white, or of coloured crape, particularly rose-colour, are most admired. These dresses are trimmed in the most simple, yet elegant and tasteful manner; consisting of light scrolls of riband, the colour of the dress, over bias folds. When it is for a ball where much *parure* is required, the ribands are then interspersed with silver.

The favourite ribands on hats are broad and rich; they are most admired when of a white ground, with clouds, or flowers of various colours painted on them; and at each edge of the riband, coloured satin stripes. The favourite flowers on hats are the Syringo blossom, and small field flowers, of various hues, not always accordant with nature. Straw and leghorn hats now appear in great numbers: they are trimmed with a profusion of flat, long puffs of coloured riband, or coloured crape, doubled in bias. White chip hats are but partially worn, for silk bonnets seem all the rage: these are trimmed with much taste; and those which are coloured are generally enlivened by a riband of suitable colours to the bonnet: and though their size is still

enormous, their shape is good, and when well put on, they are not unbecoming. The close capote bonnet of coloured silk is much worn, and especially where it ought to be—at church; not that we are recommending it from any puritanical motives of outward form, only it is a positive fact, that if seated a few pews down, it is impossible to see the preacher, for the magnitude of the hats: besides, they are really apt to take up too much of the attention.

A toque formed of striped gauze ribands, the ribands sometimes striped with silver, is a very favourite and charming head-dress for ladies who have fine hair. The ribands are disposed in long and tasteful puffs, in which there is great art in the arranging. The hair is dressed very full, so as to conceal all the mechanism of the stiffened foundation that sustains them, and they appear like puffs of riband mingled among the tresses. At the top and back part this head-dress is open, and the Apollo-knot, ornamental comb, braids, or curls of the hinder locks, are discovered, in elegant array. Though chiefly adapted to the young, it is a head-dress that any matron may wear, provided her hair is good. Dutch caps are worn, particularly in mourning; but we cannot say we admire them; and a face, to look well in them, must be possessed of extraordinary fascination. Almost all ladies who are young enough, now go without caps, and wear their hair unornamented, except at evening dress-parties, balls, or at the opera. The blond caps worn by ladies of a certain age, are chiefly of the Cornette kind, and are either of blond or thread lace, according to the style of dress. Flowers and bows of gauze ribands constitute their ornaments. The dress hats worn at the opera, &c. are most of them transparent, generally white, and crowned with beautiful plumage, or exotic flowers. A *béret*, however, has been seen at the opera, with much silver about it, and a plume of pink feathers; which, it was rumoured, was named *à la Sontag*.

It is in vain that we have looked for the revival of that useful out-door covering for the promenade, the spencer. Ladies, famed for their taste in dress, and seemingly licensed to set the fashions, both by their rank and beauty, introduced them, unsuccessfully, the two last summers. Very few adopted them, and hastily cast them aside. We saw lately, at an elegant morning lounge, no less than five; yet three of them seemed to be only used as making *une robe aux deux fins*, that is, by the addition of a spencer, the same as the dress, making a high dress of a low one.

The other two were on very young females, who appeared like sisters. These spencers were of black satin, but then their dresses were of Navarino smoke, and there is no colour sets off that tint so well as black. Scarfs promise to be in very general request this summer: they are certainly much more graceful than a square shawl; and a female of taste knows how to dispose them in very elegant drapery; but this kind, though partially worn, are not yet so prevalent as the cravat-scarf, which ties round the throat, and the ends depend to the sash. These are some of the most beautiful specimens of taste and skill that ever issued from the loom of the silk-weaver; they are generally striped across, all the way, in the most splendid and lively colours. The shining gloss on the silk is admirable. With dresses of silk made nearly high, pelerines of tulle are much worn. These are white, and have a quilling of tulle, rather narrow, all round in full plaits; the ends are long, and are either drawn through the sash, or hang carelessly over it, as fancy may suggest: the pelerine is cut away, or rather cleft in an opening on each shoulder, in order that the fulness of the sleeve *en gigot*, or *à la Marie*, may meet with no obstacle in its *inflation*.

The colours most admired are pink, straw-colour, ethereal blue, Navarino smoke, willow green, and Hortensia.

#### MODES DE PARIS.

DRESSES of gros de Naples, the ground white, painted over in different colours, in Persian designs, are much admired by the most fashionable ladies of Paris. Never were fancy materials so much in vogue; and, in spite of the fineness of the weather, printed muslins are preferred to all white. At select evening parties, dresses of striped flock gauze are worn, the stripes very broad: a bias fold, or a very broad hem, is all the ornament on the border of such dresses. Organdy dresses, when the material is very clear, are trimmed with flounces, embroidered with coarse cotton. The sashes worn with these dresses are of painted ribbon: on some are butterflies, beautifully painted after nature. Dresses of gros des Indes are much in request; the sleeves *à la Marie* yet continue in favour, and the skirts are plaited round the waist, of an equal fulness. Printed muslin-dresses are often figured over with butterflies; others are striped obliquely, in bias. The petticoats are very short, and the size of the sleeves enormous; they are, however, confined by several bands up the arm.



Two flounces form a favourite trimming on the borders of the greater part of all dresses.

The newest and most approved hats are of leghorn, white chip, and crape, though some are seen of watered gros de Naples, and of gros des Indes. The crowns of all hats are rather low. One lady of high fashion has appeared with a white chip hat, ornamented with a Russian plume of white, and a bow of white satin placed at the base of the plume. On leghorn hats are often seen two or three branches of palm, made to droop like the tail of a bird of paradise. Several hats are bordered with a demi-veil of blond, which is usually fastened up in front. The brims of the leghorn hats are prodigiously large; they are ornamented with a long branch of the weeping willow, or with three ostrich feathers. Three stages of puffing, one above the other, of two ribands of different colours, are favourite ornaments on leghorn hats.

In out-door costume many young ladies of fashion wear a skirt of gros de Naples, of some bright summer colour, with a Canezou spencer of Jaconot muslin, with a little double cape, *en Pierrot*, and a silk *sautoir*, with flowers, of variegated and brilliant hues, painted on a white ground. Scarfs of Chinese crape of steam-yellow, with cordons of flowers embroidered on them, are elegant novelties in fashion. The embroidery on some scarfs is of the same colour as the scarf, only two or three shades darker. On others are seen broad ends of yellow, or rose-colour, on which are brocaded, multitudes of black butterflies. Riding-habits are of dark colours, and are made without any jacket-frill behind; the body is lappelled in front, turning back, and the shirt which is, by this means, discovered, is laid in very small plaits, and closed by buttons of gold enamel; the collar comes up over each cheek. The half-boots are of turkish satin.

Turbans are much worn at the *Theatre Italien*, and at evening parties; they are generally of white, and some bright colour, intermingled; they terminate, on one side, by a cordon, and tassels of pearls. The hair is often seen adorned with field flowers, as a ball-room *coiffeure*; small blond caps, ornamented with the same kind of flowers, prevail in half dress. Morning caps are of fine Mechlin lace; the border very broad, and the riband in puffs. Artificial butterflies are often placed on the blond caps, as ornaments, with the wings expanded.

The colours most admired are canary-yellow, green, lilac, grey, blue, chesnut-brown, and rose-colour.

THE  
**APOLLONIAN WREATH.**

—  
**SONNET.**

WHEN fades the rose, the thorn remaineth,  
 When joy is fled, remembrance paineth—  
 When the rude storm in peace hath slept,  
 We've joy'd to think how wild it swept;  
 And thus the woes of moments gone,  
 Fond memory dwells with rapture on.  
 Then let not pleasure's syren smile  
 Thy soul to careless ease beguile;  
 For oh, each idle burst of joy  
 Shall have its echo in a sigh!  
 And ah! of present grief beware,  
 Lest low it sink thee in despair;  
 For, like the storm that's hush'd to sleep,  
 Thou'lt bless the woes that bade thee weep.

CHARLES M.

—  
**STANZAS.**

I SAW the wild bee to the vi'let cling,  
 Till of its breathing odours it bereft it,

Then spurning its embrace, as of a thing  
 To be abhorr'd and loathed, it scentless left it:

I saw the vi'let, late with kisses stifled,  
 Neglected fade, of all its sweetness rifled;

I saw the zephyr woo the fragrant brier,  
 Which lent its sweet breath to the traitor's woeing,

Gladly it waded as the wild gale blew higher,  
 And bow'd in sanction to its own undoing—

That gale which lately breathed so softly o'er it,  
 Rose into rage, and from its green turf tore it.

I saw fair woman lost in wild despair,  
 Her cheek was icy-pale, her brow was faded;  
 Madness was mingled with the with'ring care,  
 Which deeply all her tortured soul pervaded.  
 They said she had believed a faithless lover,  
 That all her joys and all her hopes were over.

I gazed with sicken'd aching heart on her,  
 For I had known her in an happier season,  
 Long, long ere she had been betrayed to err,  
 Ere anguish had bereft her of her reason.  
 Within the grave, which every fault should cover,  
 I saw her laid—her shame, her pain, was over!

CHARLES M.

### INTRODUCTORY LINES TO MISS MARIA L—'S SCRAP-BOOK.

BY J. M. LACEY.

SHALL not a scrap-book be a welcome thing,  
 Because no bulky matters it can bring?  
 All that is good, although it may be small,  
 Should here be found;—for of this earthly ball,  
 In God's own language, long have been engraved  
 The well-known words, "a remnant shall be saved."  
 Then spurn not trifles, though they're "light as air,"  
 That can amuse Heaven's first, best gift—the FAIR!  
 Let wit, and whim, adorn'd with fancy's feather,  
 Float down the gentle stream of time together;  
 A jest, or e'en a riddle, may amuse;  
 Or poetry, though cut from last day's news;  
 A picture will give back some friendly face,  
 Or scene that memory delights to trace,  
 Recalling feelings, thoughts, of years gone by,  
 Blest by a smile, or saddened by a sigh!!  
 If features such as these in scrap-books dwell,  
 Then surely to create such things is well;  
 For we shall find that most of life's mishaps,  
 May be forgotten by perusing scraps.



## JUANA.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE night-wind shook the tapestry round an ancient palace-room,  
And torches, as it rose and fell, waved thro' the gorgeous gloom,  
And o'er a shadowy regal couch threw fitful gleams and red,  
Where a woman with long raven hair sat watching by the dead.

Pale shone the features of the dead, yet glorious still to see,  
Like a hunter or a chief struck down while his heart and step  
were free ;  
No shroud he wore, no robe of death, but there majestic lay,  
Proudly and sadly glittering in royalty's array.

But she that with the dark hair watched by the cold slumberer's  
side,  
On her wan cheek no beauty dwelt, and in her garb no pride ;  
Only her full impassion'd eyes as o'er that clay she bent,  
A wildness and a tenderness in strange resplendence blent.

And as the swift thoughts cross'd her soul, like shadows of a  
cloud,  
Amidst the silent room of death, the dreamer spoke aloud ;  
She spoke to him who could not hear, and cried, " Thou yet wilt  
wake,  
And learn my watchings and my tears, beloved one ! for thy sake.  
" They told me this was death, but well I knew it could not be ;  
Fairest and stateliest of the earth ! who spoke of death for thee ?  
They would have wrapt the funeral shroud thy gallant form  
around,

But I forbade—and there thou art, a monarch, rob'd and crown'd !  
" With all thy bright locks gleaming still, their coronal beneath,  
And thy brow so proudly beautiful—who said that this was death ?  
Silence hath been upon thy lips, and stillness round thee long,  
But the hopeful spirit in my breast is all undimm'd and strong.

"I know thou hast not loved me yet ; I am not fair like thee,  
The very glance of whose clear eye threw round a light of glee!  
A frail and drooping form is mine—a cold unsmiling cheek,  
Oh! I have but a woman's heart, wherewith *thy* heart to seek.

"But when thou wak'st, my prince, my lord! and hear'st how  
I have kept  
A lonely vigil by thy side, and over thee pray'd and wept;  
How in one long deep dream of thee my nights and days have  
past,  
Surely that humble, patient love *must* win back love at last!

"And thou wilt smile—my own, my own, shall be the sunny  
smile,  
Which brightly fell, and joyously, on all *but* me erewhile!  
No more in vain affection's thirst my weary soul shall pine—  
Oh! years of hope deferred were paid by one fond glance of thine!

"Thou'lt meet me with that radiant look when thou comest from  
the chase,  
For me, for me, in festal halls it shall kindle o'er thy face!  
Thou'lt reckon no more tho' beauty's gift mine aspect may not  
bless;  
In thy kind eyes this deep, deep love, shall give me loveliness.

"But wake! my heart within me burns, yet once more to rejoice  
In the sound to which it ever leaped, the music of thy voice:  
Awake! I sit in solitude, that thy first look and tone,  
And the gladness of thine opening eyes may all be mine alone."

In the still chambers of the dust, thus poured forth day by day,  
The passion of that loving dream from a troubled soul found way,  
Until the shadows of the grave had swept o'er every grace,  
Left midst the awfulness of death on the princely form and face.

And slowly broke the fearful truth upon the watcher's breast,  
And they bore away the royal dead with requiems to his rest,  
With banners and with knightly plumes all waving in the wind—  
But a woman's broken heart was left in its lone despair behind.

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